

Dark Possession

Noriselly

Star Wars Episode VII: The Force Awakens (2015) / Star Wars Sequel Trilogy Complete



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Summary

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Description:

After Kylo Ren takes Rey (again) the Resistance wants her back. An obsessed Kylo will do—and say—whatever it takes to keep his love where she belongs.

1. Dark Possession

So far the negotiations with the First Order are going well, finally, but General Leia Organa is leaving nothing to chance. There is one more item she wants to address with their second-in-command. A very delicate one involving her son's poor judgment.

"General Hux. Before we break for the night there is one more item I'd like to discuss with you. A rather important one."

Hux smirks. "Yes, General?"

General Organa straightens herself and stares Hux in the eyes. "Rey Kenobi."

The smirk is wiped off of Hux's face and replaced by a look of frustration.

He dares to lie, "I'm sorry, General Organa, but I don't know what there is to discuss...."

"Cut the bullshit, Hux. It's been weeks and we want her back. Now. You know she was taken by Kylo Ren during the battle at Felucia—injured I might add according to our reports."

Hux appears humbled for once. "I'm afraid that is the one thing the Supreme Leader will not negotiate, General."

Leia is pissed. "That is a person, Hux! A frightened 20-year-old being subjected to Gods know what. We want her returned immediately."

"I can assure you, General, that she is in perfect health and well taken care of."

Jessika Pava and Poe Dameron flank General Organa and up til now had felt no need to intervene. Not anymore.

"Well taken care of?" Jessika asks angrily, "And how is that exactly?"

"Jessika," Leia admonishes, but Poe continues for her.

"Where does she sleep, General Hux? Does she have her own quarters?"

The First Order general's cheeks flush pink either from anger or embarrassment. "Not your concern, Commander Dameron."

"Not our concern?" Jessika yells. The situation is quickly spiraling out of control.

Leia orders her people to quiet down as Hux continues to insist Rey is no longer their business.

"Enough!" Leia demands. "Pava and Dameron, you're dismissed."

Poe could not resist a parting shot.

"Whatever he's doing to her Hux, you're complicit to all of it. That sweet, innocent young woman did not ask for this."

Hux is fed up. "She's just fine, Dameron. And since you are so curious, Lady Ren shares her husband's quarters." With that, Hux shoves past Poe to leave. Jessika and Poe are left speechless at the revelation of Rey's status. Ever the diplomat, Leia keeps her cool... just barely.

"Hux," Leia calls out one last time, "I want to hear this from Rey. In person. If she truly wants to stay that is her decision. But... it's my duty to make sure she has a way out if needed. I want to speak to her, General."

Hux nods his head before speaking, "I will do what I can." He slams the door shut, leaving the Resistance members flustered and contemplating. Leia prays that whatever may be left of Ben Solo is keeping the girl safe.

Back on the Finalizer...

"That is unacceptable, Hux! Out of the question! That woman is not getting anywhere near my wife!" Kylo roars at the holo projection of the general.

"I understand your concern, Supreme Leader, but General Organa was insistent. I did my best to convince her that Lady Ren is in good health," Hux placates.

"Not enough apparently," Kylo grumbles just as Rey walks in, awakened by the shouting. "We're done here."

The holo is abruptly shut off and Hux's form fades out. Kylo sits down and reaches out to her with a hand but she walks past and sits down at the viewport.

"What was that about?" Rey asks cautiously.

Ren stands up and moves over to her, taking a strand of her long chestnut waves and twirling it around his finger. Rey continues to stare out of the window. "Nothing you need to worry about, my love."

Moving away from him, Rey stands on the other side of the room. "I heard you, Kylo. What is it? Please don't treat me like a child."

Kylo stares out the viewport and for once he seems hesitant.

"It... was about you. The Resistance wants you returned to their custody. At the very least their General wants to see you. She wants proof that you are unharmed."

He finishes quickly without looking her way. "I suppose this pleases you? You want to go back. Don't lie to me."

Rey was afraid of this. As soon as he mentioned they wanted her back her heart soared—she would leave right now, wouldn't she? And he will never allow it. There was no way she could hide her feelings from him. The tears begin to form as she crosses her arms. "I'm sorry," she barely whispers.

Kylo raises himself very slowly and stalks towards her. This is not going to end well.

“You’re sorry? After everything I have done for you, you’re sorry? The First Order saved your life. I saved your life!” He crowds her aggressively against the wall and Rey has nowhere to go. “Then I brought you here and... I’ve treated you like my queen. You are my queen! And this is how you repay me? By running back to those terrorists at the first opportunity?”

The frustration boils over as he grabs her by the upper arms and shakes her. Rey pushes back as hard as she can. Getting a hand free, she is able to slap him before he shoves her away.

Angry and hurt, Rey struggles to rise to her feet and move past him but he blocks her. His huge hand twists in her loose hair, forcing her to look him in the eye.

She will not apologize for her true feelings especially not after his outburst. His queen? Rey fights the urge to laugh. Does a queen need to be kidnapped? Forced onto an enemy ship in the middle of a battle? And worst of all, collared like a dog with a Force suppressant.

Yes, she was injured (from their weapons) and the First Order did heal her but oh, did she pay dearly afterwards. Waking up with that Godforsaken collar on, she went straight from the medbay into Ren’s bed with no choice in the matter whatsoever. And what happened when she got there was not her choice either... not really. None of this was and he bloody well knew it. Of course, she would go home if given the chance.

His erratic emotions have taken over and he is dangerous. Leaning his face into her hair, he continues to yank on her even as he’s mumbling incoherently. Something about needing her and why. But just like that, he changes. His aura returns to a menacing state and fills the air with tension once more.

He reaches up to hold her face between his hands, grazing the silvery collar on her neck, and strokes her cheek with his thumb. Rey refuses to meet his eyes.

“Have I been that neglectful that you doubt my love for you? Perhaps a reminder is needed. Don’t you agree?”

He finishes, leaning his forehead against hers. She shakes her head no but it’s pointless. He will take whatever he wants.

Kylo takes her by the hand and pulls her towards the bedroom—pulls because Rey is holding herself back as much as she can.

The door shuts behind them and Kylo presses his hand to a panel hidden in the wall. Rey knows this too well; only he can open the door now.

He pulls off his shirt and tosses it into the corner before sitting on the edge of their bed. “Come here, beautiful,” he beckons her, opening his legs to make room for her.

Reluctantly, Rey steps in between his knees and waits. Kylo caresses her shapely hips through the fine silk of her nightgown. He moves his hands up her back, encouraging her to lay back with him. It takes a stronger nudge than usual so she lands on the bed with a thump. “Kylo, please.”

“Hush,” he coos, “Everything will be fine, I promise.” He rubs his hands up and down her arms.

“Kylo...” Rey says again.

“Shhh. Everything will be fine, I promise.”

He teases her with his fingers as he begins to slide the straps of her nightgown off her shoulders. She tries to turn her head away from him but Kylo coaxes her back with the tip of one long finger.

“You really want to go back with those people? They never cared about you.”

Rey arches her back as Kylo pulls the nightgown up and over her head. He drags one hand down between her breasts all the way to her bare mound and begins to rub the area right above her clit with the heel of his hand.

“They were using you as bait to get to me. Do you really believe they tried to rescue you?”

He emphasizes the question by sliding a finger between her folds. Satisfied by the wetness, he guides his finger slowly into her.

“Lies. Everything with them was a lie.”

Kylo continues to move his finger in and out as he hovers over her, pressing kisses to her lips and throat. Rey moves her lips against his chest to muffle her moans. Her nails rake roughly down his back and stop just above his waist where she digs in. She nips his chest with her teeth and Kylo lets out a sharp hiss.

“If you return to the Resistance, they will never trust you again.”

Pulling his finger out of her, he brings it to his mouth and sucks greedily. Rey scissors her legs together trying to soothe the ache from her arousal. Eyes never leaving hers, Kylo sits up to yank off his pants. Once freed, he rubs his thumb over the sensitive head of his cock and slicks himself with precome.

“Traitor. Whore. Freak. These words will follow you wherever you go. You will never belong—never fit in.”

Kylo kisses away the tear trailing down her cheek. Moving in between her legs, he barely pushes himself into her then pulls out again. He repeats this over and over, going a little deeper each time, teasing her until she’s bucking into him.

“But here... here you have a real home and real purpose. People who will respect and fear you for the extraordinary being you are.”

Rey grabs him by the hair and pulls him down for a deep kiss. “Yes, please...”

He snaps his hips forward making them both cry out. “Please what, my love?”

His voice is breaking. Her legs are tingling. They’re both so damn close.

“I... I want to stay with you. Please don’t make me go back,” she pleads.

Kylo quickens to a merciless pace as he brings her legs up to his shoulders. She is begging for release and now too overwhelmed to think of anything else.

“Never! They will never hurt you again. You’ll stay with me and we will bring the Resistance under our control. Together.”

He ends on a crescendo as the wave of their orgasms hits hard. Kylo feeds off of her emotional high like a vampire. Clutching to him and breathing heavy, Rey strokes his muscular chest.

Rey responds, “Yes. Together. We’ll make them see.”

Kylo touches her collar and wonders, for the hundredth time, if Rey is ready. He would love to be able to trust her without it and train her to her full potential with the Force. Seeing his facial scar in the mirror always reminds him why he chose to put it on her in the first place. If only she knew just how powerful she truly is. But no. Then she might vanquish him and leave. Unacceptable.

He places the softest of kisses on Rey’s forehead and is rewarded with a contented sigh.

“First the Resistance, then the galaxy. Together.”

2. Dark Inception

The scavenger. *Where is she? Has she found Skywalker? Is she training yet? Does she think of me at all?* These questions will not stop repeating in his head. He has been trying so hard to meditate during his convalescence but that damn girl's face is haunting him. It doesn't help that every look in the mirror is a reminder of his failure on Starkiller. As if the Supreme Leader and Hux did not remind him enough. They believe he desires revenge; to rid himself of her like he did with Solo. Yet what they did not know is that Kylo secretly treasures the long scar that bisects his face. Because *she* put it there. Rey. She owned him now and didn't even know it.

Kylo had felt it during his interrogation of her but had no idea what it was. A strange tug, a pull that called him to her and compelled him to keep Rey for himself. He knows what that is now. A sacred bond with Rey created from the Force that flowed through them. As strong as the bond feels for Kylo, he could only imagine how much stronger it could be if she were trained. And if they were together... if only.

Sunrise on Felucia is Rey's favorite time of the day. She climbs up to her spot every morning just to watch the sun creep over the horizon. It's her favorite because this is her time—alone. She is not surrounded by the cacophony of voices or the constant presence of so many beings. From the beginning, Rey's solitary nature made adjusting to the environment and socialization of the Resistance difficult. She's been back from Ahch-To for over a month now, but still finds life on the base as irritating as it was before but worse.

This... power that she is supposed to have, the Force; it isn't doing her much good at the moment.

She'd had so much hope when she met Luke Skywalker. He was meant to teach her how to control this thing and use it to help the Resistance. And to help her defeat Kylo Ren if she were to ever meet him again in battle. That was before Luke had refused to train her.

Oh, he told her the reasons why. He said that training her would send her down a dark path because her future was clouded and inexorably linked with Kylo Ren. That if she and Ren ever worked together it would end in disaster for the galaxy. And that Ben Solo would never return. He told her it would be best to return to her home and forget about the war. To go back to her old life.

Rey returned to the Resistance base feeling devastated and betrayed. He wouldn't even try. She wasn't worth it. General Organa had been furious at her twin's refusal and reassured Rey that she would contact him and make him see he had to help her. It didn't work.

Outside of Leia and a just a few friends, Rey feels like even more of an outcast now. She could sense how the others are leery of her and hears their whispers. They suspect she is really a First Order spy because Kylo Ren did not kill her when he had the opportunity. The uglier rumors cast her as his mistress also—mistress being the nice version. This is made all

the more unbearable because her friendship with Finn made the others suspicious of him as well. Rey decides she will stay with the Resistance out of a sense of duty and responsibility and gratitude to her real friends for accepting her.

There are times, during quiet moments, where Rey wonders what her life would be like now if she had accepted Ren's offer to teach her. Would her life with the First Order be better? Surely not. Kylo Ren is a monster. She tells herself not to think of him. And she definitely never wonders if he thinks of her at all.

Heavy boots clap along the floor as Kylo Ren makes his way to the Supreme Leader's chamber. Fists clenched tight and breathing heavy behind his mask, Ren can already feel the discontent rolling off Snoke. Kylo knows exactly why.

The scavenger. Again.

Kylo's training is suffering because he is so kriffing distracted by his... desire to possess the girl. And why not? The Force has bound them so in a way she already belongs to him—they belong to each other.

He is confident that if he just explains it to his Master, Snoke will understand. Ren must make it clear that it is *not* compassion that he feels, but the want to conquer and possess her.

Entering the cold, durasteel chamber, Kylo kneels at the foot of his Master's hologram. The scarred face of Snoke looms closer to the dark knight.

“Rise, Kylo Ren,” Snoke’s gravelly voice commands. Kylo obeys and waits. And waits. Snoke is in no great hurry to ease the man’s anxiety.

“You have been distracted as of late. The scavenger that bested you—she is to blame, is she not?” Snoke’s dark, bottomless eyes hit Kylo with an intense scrutiny that makes his skin itch.

Kylo, head bowed in submission, glances up to meet his Master’s stare. “Yes, Supreme Leader. If I may explain...”

“Explain!” Snoke bellows, “Explain how a sand rat has conquered my most loyal knight? How she is seducing you back to the Light? Explain indeed, Ren. Now.”

Kylo has never been more grateful for the helmet that guards his expressions.

“Supreme Leader, the girl’s potential is untapped and untrained. I... believe we have forged a Force bond. If I am able to exploit that bond, bring her to heel, then she could become another weapon against the Resistance.”

“Hmm,” Snoke replies, “I am fully aware of the bond, Kylo Ren. I had hoped you would see her for the distraction she is and kill her.”

Kylo flinches at the thought; a move that Snoke did not miss.

“Clearly, I was mistaken.”

“Master,” Kylo pleads, “May I have permission to acquire Rey? I will train her, bring her under my control, and turn her loyalty to the First Order. And you. She will become a fierce ally.”

Snoke leans forward once more, giving Kylo the urge to sink to the floor. “And if she does not comply?”

Ren takes a deep breath. “She will be given the choice to train and join the Knights of Ren. If she refuses, I will deny her connection to the Force and take her freedom.”

Snoke is contemplating, “Go on.”

“I will convince her that the Resistance never cared for her. That I am the only one who understands her loneliness. She will depend on me for everything and I will make her understand how much she has to gain by joining our cause.”

The Supreme Leader is silent for a few moments as he considers his final decision.

“You gave up so much when you turned away from the Light. And the death of your father at your hands proved to me that Ben Solo is truly dead. Your loyalty shall be rewarded.”

Snoke’s holo rises to his feet, impossibly tall in his viewing chamber.

“Take your scavenger but remember this: if she fails, she will die.”

Ignoring the pang in his heart, Kylo answers respectfully, “Yes Supreme Leader. Thank you.”

Without another word, Snoke’s hologram fades and Kylo is left alone with his thoughts. And he has so very many of them.

“There you are!” Finn exclaims as he joins Rey on the small hill overlooking the base. Poe and Jessika trail behind, dramatically huffing their way up the hill.

“You just had to choose a hill, didn’t you? It couldn’t be the mess hall next to the food or by a lake or something,” Poe teases.

Rey grins, “Making sure you get your exercise in, old man.” Rey’s remark is rewarded with loud oh’s from Finn and Jessika. Poe plops down next to her, pouting. His teasing is replaced by concern.

“Hey, kid. We wanted to make sure you’re alright. You seem pretty down lately.”

Finn and Jess sit down too and chime in with their similar worries. Rey is grateful for their concern as friends but embarrassed at the attention.

“I’m fine, really,” Rey tries to pacify her friends, “It’s just the same old... unease. I’ll live.”

The others all looked at one another almost in silent agreement. At once, they burst into reassuring Rey.

“I can’t imagine how hard it was for you to adjust, but you are one of us.”

“People are jerks when they’re bored. Don’t pay them any attention. Leia will set ‘em straight.”

“No matter what happens, this is the best place for you now. Leia loves you, we all do. And we can help protect you.”

The last comment is the one that really catches her attention.

“He is going to come for me, you do realize that? I put everyone here in danger. That’s why they stay away. Why they don’t trust me,” Rey finishes.

The others didn’t know how to respond because it was, unfortunately, true.

“I swear there are times I can feel him in my head,” she continues, “Like he can see me. I feel haunted.”

“Have you spoken to the General about this?” asks Finn.

Rey scoffs. “I did, once. She didn’t know so she said she would ask her brother.”

“And?” Jessika asks.

Rey looks up sadly, “He told her that I would find out soon enough. What does that even mean? It’s so ominous!”

Poe shakes his head in disbelief. “I’ll never understand how he refused to train you. The galaxy needs him so much and it’s like he just doesn’t care.”

“I dunno...” Rey begins as her stomach lets out the biggest growl, triggering laughter all around. Her face turns bright red.

Finn holds his hands out to help her up. “C’mon, you. Time to eat.” They head towards the mess hall together. Rey is struck with a thought.

“So Finn, what about the cute new girl in maintenance? Rose, isn’t it?” Finn’s feeble denial is drowned out by laughter.

Tomorrow is the day, Kylo reflects, *Rey will become his*. The First Order is launching a surprise attack on the Resistance base on Felucia. His knights have orders to assist the stormtroopers. Kylo only has one goal in mind: find and capture his prize.

She is always anxious, he can feel it. Does she realize he’s coming for her? *Oh, Rey. Do you even know how everything is going to change?*

Kylo has been hiding his plans from the Supreme Leader for months, kept in the deepest recesses of his memory where he stores the others. The most precious ones of a time when he was known by a different name.

He will kill his Master and take his rightful place as the Supreme Leader.

Kylo will allow Hux to remain with the First Order as general. Kylo hates the man but there is no denying Hux is a brilliant tactician and leader. And if he refuses or attempts a coup, he will be executed... on the bridge during a fleet-wide broadcast to every ship. Simple.

But first, there's Rey. He will capture her and bring her to his side. Hopefully, she will acquiesce to his demands without complaint. If not, Kylo will be forced to implement a more aggressive plan.

In his quarters, he walks over to a heavy metal box and runs a gloved hand over it. Rey's collar. The one he had specially made for her; it will take the Force from her and make her more... accommodating to his wishes.

Kylo wasn't lying about that part of the plan to Snoke. He will isolate Rey, make her depend solely on him, and convince her. Convince her that this is the only way they can be happy together with so many obstacles in their path. He wants to care for her, mold her, love her and she will love him in return. They are the only ones who could ever understand one another. His destiny as Kylo Ren truly began when they met.

Rey's power belongs to him. *She* belongs to him and he to her. The Force wills it. Grandfather would approve. Kylo is certain of it.

3. Ambush and Abduction

The pre-dawn hours on Felucia brought very little relief from the stifling humidity that was a constant on the jungle planet. Rey was still not used to feeling so sticky all the time and the air made her want to suffocate. This was not a suitable environment for a desert girl. Although, the jungle landscape was beautiful and more colorful than anything she'd ever seen.

It was quiet this early on the base, other than the screeches and hooting of native species, but something felt off, rousing Rey from slumber. She was getting dressed when the screeches turned into yells and loud booms. Grabbing her staff and lightsaber, Rey ran down the hall of the makeshift barracks towards the commotion. She was greeted by a platoon of First Order stormtroopers fighting the two dozen Resistance soldiers that were assigned to this part of the base with her.

Rey threw herself into the chaos, defending and blocking with her staff but all the while feeling as though something was unusually off despite the situation. Blasters were going off all around her and smoke filled the air as she fought her way past 'troopers.

Tripping over a body and nearly falling made Rey take a second to really observe what was happening around her. A wall of stormtroopers appeared to be blocking Rey into this small corner of the base while another battle raged outside the perimeter. The Knights of Ren were also present but no Kylo Ren. At least, not that Rey could see.

An earsplitting explosion threw Rey several feet from where she had been standing. Her head cracked against the ground, making her vision blurry. Rey fought a wave of nausea to stand but was trapped by collapsing debris that pinned her upper body down and left her in excruciating pain.

Barely conscious, Rey noticed only two other Resistance fighters were left standing. To her horror, the human male was swiftly executed. The other, a female Togruta, was detained off to the side as the stormtroopers appeared to be waiting on orders.

A shorter, husky Knight stomped towards where Rey was lying. Outfitted in black robes and armor, the masked warrior had a vibroaxe strapped to his back and a blaster in his hand. Rey was determined to fight or die trying and made a feeble push at the debris covering her. With no success, she tried again, concentrating on how she wanted to get free; to her amazement, pieces of the rubble began to lift off of her. She struggled to sit up and move but the Knight was already upon her.

Seriously wounded, Rey was unable to fight him off. The last thing she remembered was the blaster pointed directly at her before she was stunned unconscious. Her weapons were confiscated and she was carried to a transport with waiting medics. The ambush ended as quickly as it had begun.

The lone Resistance survivor stood in shock watching the stormtroopers and Knights retreat with Rey in tow. Before being released, a familiar face gave her a message to deliver

to General Organa—the only reason she was even left alive.

Rey's consciousness was broken and confused. She had very vague flashes of waking up to chaos. Her mind was foggy and no matter what she did she couldn't seem to move her limbs. One thing was the same... something was very wrong.

The aftermath of the battle was bogged with confusion and wild speculation. It seemed that the First Order had only targeted one specific area of the base, a barracks unit. The same unit that just happened to house the Force user, not-quite-Jedi, Rey. If Rey was their target then how had they known exactly where to look for her? Rey was missing and, despite a frantic search, could not be found. Whispers of "traitor" were already flying through the camp.

The survivor of the unit attack was found and questioned. She recounted how the stormtroopers appeared out of nowhere and set up a perimeter around the barracks. Detailed how, one by one, her comrades were executed and how she and Rey were the only ones left alive. She told how Rey had been injured in the blast then taken away by the 'troopers.

Finally, it was confirmed that Rey had been the target all along. A First Order spy had been living amongst them for weeks now—Rose. Rose was why the stormtroopers had known exactly where to look for Rey. She had delivered the message before leaving with Rey and the 'troopers. And the message was clear and came directly from Kylo Ren... do not follow, do not attempt a rescue.

General Organa appealed to her brother for help but he, once again, refused saying he knew it would come to this and that Rey was lost. Skywalker was convinced Rey would be turned by Kylo and implored Leia to make peace and surrender before the Resistance was wiped out by force. Leia refused to give up on Rey, or the Resistance, and insisted she would not stop trying to get her back. In secret, the General was desperately worried for Rey's safety... and sanity.

The revelation did nothing to quell the surging resentment against Rey. People were convinced that *she* was really the traitor who orchestrated the attack. That she had staged it with Rose to distract from her defection to the First Order. Despite protests from Leia and Rey's few friends, the Resistance now considered Rey an enemy. They figured that if the Jedi hero of the galaxy was unwilling to trust or help her then why should they?

The faint light from the bacta tank gave off an eerie glow. Kylo stared reverently at the unconscious form floating in the tank. *His* Rey. Finally. The goddess he worshipped was with him and would stay forever.

Everything was falling into place just as he had planned. As soon as she was healed and removed from the tank, Rey would be fitted with her collar. Kylo didn't trust her awake without it. *Soon, Rey, so soon.*

Kylo Ren turned to leave the medbay, rolling his eyes under his mask at who was awaiting him. General Hux wanted to speak with him. *Infuriating man.* What could he possibly want this time?

“Hux,” Ren spat out as soon as he spotted the man, not bothering to stop or slow his stride, forcing the General to catch up.

“Ren, how is the girl?” General Hux asked with his best imitation of sympathy.

Kylo paused mid-stride and turned to face his rival. “What game are you playing at? You couldn’t care less about Rey.”

Hux huffed and straightened his spine. “Not true, Ren. She concerns you and whatever concerns you will eventually have an impact on the First Order. So you see, I care a great deal, especially when she will be allowed loose aboard my ship.”

Not caring for the man’s tone, Kylo stepped forward to crowd the General against the nearest wall. Passing officers quickened their pace and pretended to ignore the scene as usual. Hux and Ren were constantly at each other’s throats.

“I assure you, *General*, that she will not be allowed to roam freely about the ship. Rey will not leave my quarters unless I am personally escorting her. If that is still not to your liking, I suggest you take your concerns to the Supreme Leader. He will arrive soon to meet Rey and assess her progress”

Kylo knew the man wouldn’t dare bother Snoke with this and was satisfied the conversation would end... for now.

“No need for all that, Ren. Just see to it you keep her under control.” Hux turned and walked away.

Kylo felt satisfaction at having irritated the man. If Hux only knew how he planned to kill Snoke and take over as Supreme Leader. Keeping an eye on Rey will be the least of the General’s worries.

Kylo thought about the silver collar hidden in his quarters. *Under control? Rey will be mine to command in all things. And she will obey.*

4. Death and Submission

It was an unusual mood for Kylo. He was excited as he made his way back to the medbay a standard day later. Rey was about to be removed from the bacta tank. Kylo had ordered that she was not to be removed without him present.

The sturdy box containing her collar was heavy in his hands as he stomped down the hallways. He hoped she would want to join him willingly, but Kylo knew his scavenger—she would reject his offer and fight if she could. He really had no choice but to collar her.

He couldn't risk another escape—not now when he was so close to having everything he wanted. In time, when Rey earned his trust, he would consider taking the collar off and training her. *If* she earned his trust. Until then, Rey would have to get used to living without the Force.

Kylo hoped it wouldn't take very long for Rey to understand the reasons behind all his actions. He loved her. They belonged to each other by the will of the Force so, naturally, they had to be together. And if Snoke wanted Rey executed, Kylo would have to kill him and take over. It was the only way to protect her. And bringing peace and order to the galaxy would be a bonus.

He walked into the medbay with confidence and purpose, the medical personnel giving him wide berth. Kylo grinned behind his helmet. Their fear of him was... delicious. He went directly to the tank holding his beautiful Rey.

"Proceed," Kylo instructed in a commanding tone. He stepped back to allow the medics room to work but watched Rey carefully. He was pleased to see that she looked much healthier than when they had first met. At least the Resistance had done that much for her.

Rey was removed from the tank, washed down and dressed while still unconscious. After being restrained, Rey was gradually awakened by medics. Kylo ordered them to leave and placed the metal box on a table. He was finally alone with his lovely girl, his desert flower.

Understandably confused, Rey took a few minutes to observe her surroundings. She tested the slack of the restraints on her wrists. Her eyes darkened with anger when she focused on Kylo Ren standing a few feet away. He remained calm despite the animosity rolling off the young woman.

"What did you do? Where am I?"

Kylo smirked, "You're my guest."

"That wasn't amusing the first time either," Rey replied. "Let me go."

"Not possible. Even if I wanted to let you go, which I don't, the Supreme Leader would never allow it."

Rey visibly gulped. "Snoke? He's here?"

“He’ll be here tomorrow. The Supreme Leader is looking forward to meeting you,” Kylo said as he began pacing slowly around the room.

“I’m afraid he will have to live with disappointment. Let me go, Ren. Now.”

Kylo felt a light prodding at his consciousness willing him to obey. *Was she actually...* Kylo laughed and pushed Rey out of his mind with almost no effort. *He had so much to teach her.*

Rey was furious at his laughter and turned over to avoid his gaze. “If you’re not going to free me then go away.”

“Not just yet, my lovely Rey...”

“I am not yours!” Rey spat, turning back around with fire in her eyes.

Kylo glanced at his feisty hellcat and smiled. “The Force disagrees, Rey. We have a bond.” He held up his hand to silence her when she began to interrupt. “Besides, I have a proposal for you.”

“My offer to teach you still stands. I believe your Force potential is limitless, Rey. Let me train you. Think about how strong you could become! You can be one of my Knights and join our cause; help us restore peace to the galaxy.”

Rey scoffed and shook her head no. “There is no bond between us, Ren. And I will never join you.”

Ren stepped directly in front of Rey and held eye contact.

“This was meant to happen, Rey. Consider all the good that could come out of it. You would have a place in the First Order with respect and purpose, not rejection. You... you might even be our empress.”

“Empress? Right. What about Snoke?” Rey asked, “Doesn’t he have the final say in all of this?”

Kylo looked away for a second. Rey wondered why he hesitated.

“Let me worry about him,” Kylo said sharply, dark eyes suddenly cold.

They were both silent for several minutes. Kylo could feel the conflict and temptation fighting within Rey. Just a little more and she would fall over the edge.

“You belong with us, Rey. With *me*.”

She met his eyes again. The cold had dissipated into something resembling sadness. Just for a moment he looked so lost, but Rey refused to let it sway her.

“No, Kylo, I’m sorry. My place is with the Resistance and by your mother’s side,” Rey insisted, “I will never join the First Order. And I will *never* belong to you.”

Kylo struggled to keep his anger in check. *How dare she? She would rather stay with Organa after how those rebels treated her?* He let out a bitter laugh.

“Are you certain about that? Do you really think they would take you back? Trust you again? You were nothing to them after Skywalker rejected you.”

Rey covered her ears and yelled for Kylo to stop. “My answer is no! Never. I will never be like you.”

Visibly frustrated, Kylo ran a hand through his dark hair and sighed. He picked up the metal box with his gloved hands. Rey instantly felt uneasy and sat up, scooting as far back as she could on the bed; she knew there was no way to run.

Kylo unlatched the box and lifted out what looked like a large ring in a silvery metal just like the box it came in. He stared down at the ring for a minute then opened it. Rey realized that it was just wide enough to fit around her neck and close again. It wasn’t a ring at all but a collar.

“Don’t you dare, Kylo! I am no one’s slave!” Rey was furious.

Ren shook his head at her. “No, of course not but I am sorry, Rey. You’ve left me no choice. I really wish you had accepted my offer. Hopefully, in time you’ll understand why I had to do this.”

She weakly swung an arm out but Kylo easily caught it and pushed it back down. A large hand waved in front of Rey’s face and she fell back unconscious. Kylo placed the collar around her neck and screwed the hinge closed then stepped back to admire his gorgeous girl.

He ran his fingers gently across her cheek and down to the collar; he had to admit he rather liked the sight of her wearing it and marking her as his. He envisioned Rey sprawled out on his bed wearing nothing but the collar, aroused and desperate for his touch. *Soon, my love.*

Kylo would not have her moved until after he dealt with the Supreme Leader and could be here to escort her to his quarters. Rey was going to be livid when she awoke and no longer felt a connection to the Force, but guards would keep her in check. Kylo Ren had more important things to worry about—Snape was on his way.

The following day, pomp befitting the Supreme Leader of the First Order awaited his imminent arrival. Kylo Ren stood quietly next to General Hux in the hangar bay waiting to greet Snape. Captain Phasma, hundreds of her best stormtroopers, and dozens of officers were lined up in precise rows anticipating their leader’s arrival.

Of the dozen Knights of Ren, almost all of them were present, recalled from their various assignments across the galaxy. Missing were Kylo’s two most faithful Knights that had been assigned to protect Rey even though she remained sedated.

As Snape’s ship landed, Kylo turned to General Hux.

“Hux, if you had to choose between Snape and the First Order, where does your ultimate loyalty lie?” he asked.

“What...” Hux stared at Ren for a moment with a raised eyebrow. Kylo could see the exact moment that Hux truly understood. Hux continued, “With the First Order of course. *Always.*”

Kylo dipped into the man’s subconscious to confirm his sincerity. Hux was being truthful. “Good,” Kylo said.

He and Hux were barely civil to one another, but he knew having him as an ally would be helpful. Especially with maintaining loyalty and order among their subordinates.

As Snoke walked towards them, Kylo began to project his hatred of the Resistance including Rey. He thought of the different ways Snoke would have him execute her. *This is all to protect Rey. It was almost time.*

Supreme Leader Snoke approached them slowly, taking in the scene around him, reveling in the curiosity and awe of his troops. His frail and scarred appearance was deceiving and hid his strong connection to the dark side of the Force. Ren and Hux approached him reverently.

“Ah yes, my two most loyal servants,” Snoke greeted, voice deep and intimidating. “We have much to discuss.” Hux and Ren paid their respects and escorted him to his chamber.

Kylo removed his helmet as soon as they entered. This was one of the few places he felt comfortable without it.

Just before Snoke turned around to face them again, Kylo looked at Hux, brow furrowed with purpose. Hux nodded. Satisfied that Hux really would be an asset and not a threat, Kylo was ready.

Snoke settled into his throne with his “servants” standing before him. They were alone— Snoke had no need for protection from these two men.

“General Hux, I will hear your status report shortly. First, I am anxious to hear how the little scavenger is coming along.” Snoke’s soulless eyes focused on Kylo Ren.

Spine steel straight, Kylo stepped forward until he was practically at Snoke’s feet. *Rey needs to die, kill Rey.*

“The scavenger girl is healed, Supreme Leader. As to the rest, it is as I feared. She insists on remaining loyal to the Resistance. I have collared her but I expect she will remain... stubborn.”

Snoke stared at Ren for several seconds, his long and spider-like fingers flexing and tapping against the throne. General Hux observed the scene silently, face blank and his thoughts purposefully neutral.

“That is disappointing, Kylo Ren, but exactly what I expected from you. You are still protecting the girl even after our last discussion,” Snoke said in disgust.

“Forgive me, Supreme Leader but I know the girl’s loyalty can be swayed with more time and your guidance,” Kylo countered. He stepped closer to Snoke.

“No.” Snoke replied, dangerously calm. “More time? I am convinced you will say anything to save the bitch. She dies today, Ren.”

“Supreme Leader...”

Snoke stood up and confronted Kylo.

“Enough! Kill her or bring her to me if you’re such a coward.”

The darkness and rage inside of Kylo swirled and gathered like a storm cloud, stronger than ever before. *No one was going to kill Rey. And he was no coward.*

He threw a hand out towards Snoke and squeezed into a fist. The look of shock and pain on Snoke's face thrilled him. Snoke's curled fingers made a vain attempt at Force lightning, but Kylo easily absorbed and deflected the electricity back at the collapsing form in front of him.

Hux drew his blaster and shot at the guards that ran into the room. Once they were taken care of, Hux ran towards Snoke, shooting into him. The pressure on Snoke was overwhelming and blood began to seep out of his ears, nose, and mouth along with all the injuries from the blaster. They did not stop until Snoke took his last breath.

Kylo wiped sweaty strands of hair away from his face. Turning to Hux, Kylo nodded at the man.

"You made the right decision, General."

Hux, flushed and sweaty as well, responded with his typical arrogance. "I always do... Supreme Leader."

The news of Kylo Ren's new role was well received throughout the First Order. It helped that he and General Hux had presented a united front with Hux's declaration of loyalty clear. It also helped that anyone who opposed was promptly sent to reconditioning... or executed.

With all of that handled, it was time to return his focus to Rey. Hours before Snoke's arrival, his girl had awoken screaming and fighting at the loss of her connection to the Force, demanding to see Kylo so she could kill him with her bare hands. Since then, Rey had remained sedated per the new Supreme Leader's orders.

Kylo would personally escort her during the transfer out of the medbay and into his quarters. He needed to tell her that Snoke was dead and wondered how she would react to the news. He couldn't wait to see the fire in her eyes when she awoke again to find herself at his mercy.

Finally. Ren gazed upon his lovely Rey, laid out on his bed resting and dressed in the fine silk she deserved to be in. He had spread her hair out in waves on the pillow. He loved seeing her like this, quiet and docile, posed like his very own doll.

Dressed casually, he sat next to her in bed, long legs stretched out. Kylo stroked the back of his hand gently up and down her cheek to coax her awake, occasionally brushing further down to touch the collar around her neck.

The medics had told him she would wake any minute now. He watched her eyes as her long lashes began to flutter open. Bright hazel eyes were suddenly looking at him, unfocused and confused then blazing with anger.

"Why is it *always* you?" Rey croaked as she sat up. "Where am I now? Let me go!"

Her hands automatically grabbed at the collar that suppressed her connection to the Force, her fingers trying in vain to take it off. She knew it wasn't possible unless Ren unscrewed the

hinge, but she had to try. Sobs built up in her chest. Now that Rey understood what the Force felt like, being robbed of it left her lost and empty. She couldn't help it... tears began to pour down her face. Rey was a survivor and had to get out of this. *No time for self-pity. I need to go!*

She looked around the room for the nearest way out. Nearly falling over as she jumped up, Rey headed straight for the panel next to the door and hit it hard. Nothing happened. Kylo watched her impassively. Trapped, Rey beat the door with her fists as hard as she could.

Kylo finally spoke, "Enough. The door will only open for me."

Rey disregarded his words and kept beating at the door. Still weak, she tired quickly and plopped down on the floor with her back against the cool durasteel. Rey realized what she was wearing and ran a hand down her thigh against the smooth silk. She looked up and shot Kylo a defiant glare.

"What the hell is this, Kylo?" she asked.

Kylo gave her a seductive smile. "It's a nightgown, Rey."

"No! I meant *this*. What do you think is happening here?"

He got up from the bed and walked over to Rey, crouching down to her eye level. Nervously, she fiddled with her collar and fought against the urge to rub her thighs together.

"I'm taking care of you, Rey. You are a danger to yourself and others so you'll be staying in my quarters with the collar on at all times. It stays until I can trust you."

Rey laughed. "You can't keep me here. They'll come for me."

"The Resistance? No, I'm afraid not, Rey," Kylo said as he sat down across from her. "We've tried. They... they refuse to take you back," he lied.

Rey looked down and whispered, "You're lying."

"Rey, don't you realize they only wanted you to get to me? Open your eyes. Remember how they treated you." Kylo put a hand on her knee and softly squeezed. "I know the Skywalker, Rey. Really know them. The people around them are just pieces in their war game."

She shook her head no and tried to fight off a fresh batch of tears. *It's all lies.*

Kylo lifted Rey's chin up with his hand and looked in her eyes. "Besides, I am the Supreme Leader now, so they wouldn't dare take you away from me," he declared with a smile.

Shocked, Rey felt the crush of defeat. He was right. *With the entire First Order at his command, why would the Resistance risk it all just to rescue her?*

She pulled her face out of his grasp and laid down on her side, pulling her knees up close and letting the tears overwhelm her.

Kylo laid down next to her and rubbed her back. Rey's sobs turned into occasional hiccups. She was surprised at how gentle and calm Kylo was being, and ashamed to admit to herself how much she liked it. *What was wrong with her?*

His hand moved up from her back to massage her scalp and the back of her neck. Her eyelids grew heavy and she was falling asleep when she felt a light kiss press against her forehead. Acting on instinct, Rey tried to push him away but he barely moved.

“Calm down Rey,” Kylo ordered while grabbing her wrists tightly in one hand to stop her pushing. The other hand cupped the back of her head, forcing her up against him. Rey pushed back but Kylo just brought her closer until their lips touched.

She resisted at first, but kisses had been so rare in her life and his lips were so soft and perfect. He nipped and sucked at her bottom lip and Rey allowed him to deepen the kiss when he teased her with his tongue. No one had ever kissed her like this and it made her feel grown-up and wanted. Desired. *It doesn't matter—I really need to stop this.*

Her hands made another feeble attempt to push him away but Kylo ignored it. He continued kissing Rey, hand moving down her throat and caressing her breasts through the thin fabric of her nightgown. Encouraged by Rey's little moans, Kylo replaced his hands with his mouth, licking and sucking her nipple through the silk. Throwing her head back, Rey pulled out of his grasp and buried her hands in his hair to bring him even closer.

“That feels so good. I need...” Rey's pleas turned into moans. Kylo nudged her until she was laying on her back, giving him even more access to her body.

Kylo pulled back for a moment to look at her. “Stars, you are so perfect. What is it that you need, Rey?” His coaxed her legs open and teased her with his fingers. He was thrilled to find her slick and swollen. *Only for him.*

“I... I need this.”

Kylo needed this too and wanted to give her even more. He slid one long finger into her and groaned at how tight she was. Over and over, he pulled out just to the tip of his finger before sliding back in and leaving Rey breathless. When he added a second finger her hips began to buck and he draped an arm over her to keep her still. He could feel her muscles begin to flutter and tighten but he wasn't done yet.

Rey arched her back and moaned when his fingers were joined by his tongue flicking against her clit. This felt so much better than any time she had touched herself. It didn't take long for her to peak, shaking and bucking against him.

Kylo continued to tease and suck at her as Rey rode out the end of her orgasm. He rested his head on her stomach and Rey lazily carded her fingers through his hair. He ignored his aching hardness; he could take care of that later. *This was for Rey.* Being so close to her was more than enough for now.

Rey felt guilt and regret creeping up on her but she willed it away. She realized that cooperating with him might mean finding a way out of this mess. There was nothing she could do now anyway. She drifted off to sleep with Kylo's dark locks still twisted around her fingers.

5. Oppression and Bargaining

Hours later, Rey woke up confused. For a moment, she forgot where she was until her brain registered several things at once.

She was laying in the biggest, most comfortable bed she had ever slept in with the softest sheets. Stretching her arms up made her realize that she was naked except for the cold metal around her neck. No clothes, no Force.

Looking over her shoulder, she met the sleepy gaze of an equally naked Kylo Ren. Groaning, Rey turned back over and buried her face in the pillow. Kylo laughed when Rey threw the covers over her head too.

Kylo tugged the blanket down but Rey pushed him off and covered herself again. Sighing in frustration, Kylo tried to engage her in conversation anyway.

“What’s wrong, Rey? Stop this.”

Silence.

“Rey,” Kylo repeated with a note of warning in his voice.

A broken sob answered him this time. Kylo rolled his eyes and got up. He wasn’t in the mood for more tears, or guilt, or whatever the issue was now. He wondered how she will react when he tells her he’s leaving later on. Pushing that thought aside, Kylo headed to the fresher to begin his day.

“There are clothes here for you and you’re welcome to use the fresher at any time. You’ll find everything you need in there,” he added as an afterthought before he shut the door.

Rey continued to cry hot, angry tears while Kylo showered. *Cooperation be damned!* She had to find a way out of here. Rey was not about to just lay in his bed like a kept woman.

She jumped out of bed and rooted around until she found suitable clothing—a simple tunic and pants. Rey had found much fancier clothing, including dresses and wanted to set them on fire.

Attempting to get out the door proved to be as useless as it had hours before. Despair was clawing at Rey, threatening to suffocate her. She went over to the viewport and stared out at the stars. Her gaze focused on everything and nothing. Her breathing became fast and labored and her heart felt like it would beat right through her chest. Pulling her knees up, Rey rocked back and forth with her arms folded over her head. She silently pleaded with anyone-anything-that would listen for all of this to stop.

Rey did not realize she was yanking at her own hair until a strong pair of hands stopped her. Kylo pulled her into his lap and held her tight trying to calm her. It had the opposite effect.

Rey reacted as though possessed; she scratched and pushed away from Kylo screaming every obscenity she could think of. She destroyed everything she could get her hands on.

She wanted to destroy *him* then herself for letting him manipulate her, use her. Deep down, Rey knew she could never do that but it was so very tempting at the moment.

It took several minutes for her to finally calm down. Rey fell to the floor exhausted. Looking up, she saw that the room was a disaster, she was completely disheveled, and her neck was scratched raw from where she'd apparently tried to force the collar off. Kylo sat on the bed staring at her with absolute indifference.

He held her gaze with his head cocked to the side and an eyebrow raised. "Are you done?" Kylo asked in a very bored tone. His cold demeanor only succeeded in riling Rey up all over again.

She rose to attack him once more but was frozen in place. Rey's cheeks were flushed and she was breathing heavily. Kylo stood to circle around her slowly like a predator. He lifted one finger to trail over her face and down to her neck. He stepped behind her, wrapping his long arms around Rey and pressing her tight against him.

"There is no need to make this more difficult, Rey. Everything will be good between us, you'll see."

Kylo's hands rubbed her shoulders and hips gently, caressing her like a lover. Rey was still powerless to move or speak.

"You still want to go back to them, don't you? My precious girl, when will you learn? They don't want you, Rey. You are much better off here. Trust me," Kylo whispered in her ear. He let go of his hold over her.

Rey whirled on him, striking out just to be stopped again. Kylo's patience was wearing dangerously thin. He had Rey pinned up against the wall with his body, eyes locked on one another. Rey broke the tense silence first.

"Let me go," she spat out. "You're nothing but a liar. I know Leia is looking for me."

Kylo shook his head and looked at her with pity. "Go ahead. Keep thinking that."

He moved away from her and went for the door. "I have a situation off ship that needs my attention. I think a few days on your own will be good for you—for both of us. Behave, little Rey."

Opening the bedroom door, Kylo left Rey staring after him as he left. She got a glimpse of stormtroopers stationed in the hall. Dumbfounded at his sudden departure, Rey had no idea what to do with herself. Clearly, escape was not an option.

Rey was very accustomed to solitude... on her own terms. This was different. She was a prisoner of war on an enemy ship with no means of escape. Left completely alone for days, the only contact Rey had was with a droid that accepted delivery of her meals three times a day and took care of general housekeeping. Rey didn't even know its name as it was not permitted to speak to her.

Bored out of her wits, Rey attempted to meditate despite being cut off from the Force. She took very long showers and stared out of the viewport until she nodded off. She hated

sleeping in Kylo's bed but it was comfortable and she had nothing else to do. With nothing to mark them with, Rey lost track of time.

Rey was asleep in the bedroom when she heard the main door open. Assuming it was just the food delivery, she didn't bother getting up. A warm hand stroking her cheek startled her awake.

"Hello Rey," Kylo greeted calmly. He looked perfectly at ease, rested even.

Still groggy, Rey sat up to look at him. "W-where have you been?"

Kylo leaned in and gave Rey a soft kiss on the lips, surprised that she didn't back away.

"I missed you too," he chuckled. He stroked her cheek again. This time Rey leaned into it. Without realizing it, Rey closed her eyes and sighed.

Kylo was excited. It seemed that the isolation had done her some good. She was already being more receptive to his touch. Rey never needed to know that he had never left the ship or that he'd been watching her the whole time through surveillance.

He wrapped his arms around her in a strong embrace and was surprised once more when she snuggled into his touch. His girl was more touch-starved than he anticipated. *This was perfect.* He had an idea.

"Rey, will you get dressed please? I'd like to show you something." Met with worried eyes, he quickly reassured her. "It's nothing bad. Promise."

Kylo was so pleased to watch Rey immediately comply with his request. She exchanged her nightgown for the tunic and pants she preferred. Nothing fancy for his girl... yet.

Taking her hand, Kylo led her out of their quarters and into the long hallway.

"Where are we going?" Rey asked, eyes wide as she enjoyed being out of the room.

Kylo gave her hand a little squeeze, "You'll see."

They reached a large durasteel door that Kylo opened with a wave of his hand. The room appeared to be a private observation deck for officers. Kylo led Rey inside and let go of her hand.

With a smile, she ran forward and pressed her hands up against the huge transparisteel panel, gazing out at the stars. Off in the distance, TIE fighters practiced war games. Rey stretched her limbs out and enjoyed the small taste of freedom outside of Ren's quarters.

Kylo stood back near the entrance watching Rey. He hated that he had to keep his love on such a tight leash but he knew all too well how dangerous she could be. Luckily, her recent isolation had a positive effect and Kylo was looking forward to what came next. It was time to truly claim Rey as his.

About an hour later, Rey was ready to go. She knew she couldn't go anywhere without Kylo and he was not going to stand here all night. Reluctantly, Rey turned from the view and

walked over to Kylo. He offered her his hand and she accepted it. They walked back to his quarters and into his bedroom.

Rey stood near the bed nervously fidgeting with her collar. She did not need the Force to feel the change in the air. The tension between them was stretched tight and could snap any time. Coming back to the room ruined any illusion of freedom or change that Rey had.

Kylo wrapped his arms around her from behind and held on rocking her gently. This time, Rey stiffened at his touch. His hair tickled when he whispered in her ear.

“You’re not about to have another tantrum, are you? Did you enjoy your time alone that much?”

Rey felt the slight rumble in his chest when he let out a short laugh. Rey didn’t think her isolation was amusing and tried to pull away.

“Stop,” Kylo scolded, “I was just teasing. I’m here now so nothing else matters. It’s just you and me.”

Bringing her close again, Kylo trailed his fingertips up and down her bare arms. Shivering from his touch, Rey crossed her arms and stepped away from him.

“Are you going to deny me, Rey? Why? I know you feel it too.”

Kylo sat on the bed in front of Rey and held his hand out to her. She refused to move or speak. Frustration took over and Kylo grabbed hold of her arms, turning Rey and forcing her into his lap.

“Kylo, no. Please,” Rey pleaded. She took a firm grip on his hands and pushed them away.

Kylo leaned in close and nuzzled his nose against her cheek.

“It’s alright, Rey. No need to be afraid. You loved it when we played before, remember?”

Rey’s eyes went dark with shame. There was no time to process this because Kylo was kissing his way down her neck. He held onto her tight while grinding against her ass. Rey hissed when Kylo bit down on her neck then licked the same spot.

Kylo’s hands roamed all over Rey’s body, reaching up inside her tunic to massage her breasts. Rey groaned when his hand dipped into her pants and teased her clit. His other hand joined in and slid two fingers gently inside of her.

Rey was drowning in sensation and feeling more out of control by the minute. She tried to stop Kylo’s hands again but he defied her and moved his fingers faster and deeper. Rey squirmed on his lap with every movement rubbing against his erection. Just as Rey felt herself going over the edge, Kylo pulled his fingers away. Rey was torn between frustration and relief.

“Tell me you still don’t want this?” Kylo teased. Rey frowned and turned her head when he showed her his wet fingers. “I thought so.”

He was painfully hard and done being patient. Kylo pulled Rey’s tunic off and laid her back on the bed. Her boots and pants came off next. Finally, *finally*, Kylo had what he’d been waiting for—Rey in his bed wearing nothing but his collar. He stood up and watched her as

he removed his own clothes. He didn't miss it when her eyes glanced quickly at his cock, hard and weeping. *For her.*

Kylo hovered over Rey and spread her legs wide apart with his knee. He settled himself in between her legs, rubbing the tip of his cock against her moist entrance and eased in slowly. Gasping, he buried his face in her shoulder and held her tight as he pumped deeper and faster.

Rey brought her legs up and wrapped them around his waist. She felt so full and the dull pinch from the first time wasn't bad—it was nearly painful in a pleasant way. She ignored the nagging voice in her head telling her how wrong this was, that Kylo was still her captor, and that the Resistance would never take her back now.

She lost all train of thought when Kylo brought his fingers between them to circle her clit. He kissed her hard and deep then spoke, his voice thick with emotion. He told her how much he loved her and how she belonged to him. Called her his good girl. Rey fell over the edge, hard and dug her nails into Kylo's back. The bit of pain triggered his own intense release inside of her.

Rey was overcome with emotion and turned away from him when he reluctantly let go of her, tears spilling down her cheeks. Fighting off frustration, Kylo cuddled up to Rey from behind. *Why did it have to be so difficult?*

"What's wrong now, Rey? Can't we just enjoy being together?" Kylo propped his chin on her shoulder and waited for her answer. Her reply was more sobbing.

"I-I never should have let you near me. This is all wrong. I don't belong here," Rey managed in between sobs. She pulled at the collar around her neck.

Kylo sighed. "Oh Rey. You know what is really wrong? The way those hypocrites at the Resistance treated you. The people that were glad to be rid of you. You are exactly where you belong." He went to press a kiss to her neck but she moved away. Her eyes were full of hate.

Unfazed, Kylo threw his long legs over the edge of the bed and headed for his stash of whiskey. He was suddenly very thirsty.

Rey and Kylo developed a pattern. Her depression. Him comforting her. Sex... typically. The return of her depression with guilt and shame on the side. Reminding her how the true evil lies with the Skywalker's and the Resistance. Her hate. His indifference. Repeat.

Rey now thought of Kylo Ren as two people. "Good Kylo" was the one that comforted her, the nice one that was considerate and kind, pleasant to be around. "Bad Kylo" was obsessive, indifferent to her suffering, a little rough, and completely fixated on possessing Rey.

There were times when Rey loved to hate Bad Kylo. She would give as good as she got. Releasing all that bottled up anger and despair was cathartic for Rey.

Rey's collar suppressed the Force, but it couldn't contain the small joy she felt from getting back at her captor in one of the few ways she could. Raking her nails into his skin and leaving blood in her wake. Slapping his face hard as she rode him. Pulling his hair while he worked between her legs. A bite mark deep enough to bruise for days.

Naturally, Kylo enjoyed all of this so it was really pointless. Rey was beginning to wonder how long it would be this way. How long before she goes mad? Or even worse, how long before she gives in and submits?

As much as Kylo convinced her that the Resistance was her enemy, Rey could not forget the kindness she was shown by Leia and her few friends. She wished she could ask about them. See if they were still alive.

Rey overheard snippets of the conversations between Ren and General Hux—details of recent victories and how the Resistance was crumbling more each day. After hearing that several Resistance fighters had been taken into First Order custody, Rey finally snapped. No matter what the consequences were she had to know what was going on.

She decided to approach Kylo that night at bedtime—if he was in a decent mood. He was. Rey waited until they were both settled in bed in their typical pose, her back to his front and a heavy arm draped over her waist.

“Kylo, what is happening in the war?”

“We’re winning,” he replied sounding bored. The hand on her hip began to drift up and down.

Rey sighed and sat up. “I figured that. I mean I’d like to know about casualties. Prisoners of war.”

“You mean you want to know if your ‘friends’ are still alive?” He didn’t bother to hide his contempt.

“Of course I want to know! Please.”

Kylo reached over to his datapad. Several taps of his fingers later he found what he needed and handed it over to Rey. “This is the current list of Resistance members that are in custody.”

Rey eagerly scanned the list of names. She had to admit it wasn’t quite as many as she thought but the list did not include wounded or dead. Unfortunately, it included the handful of names she did not want to see. Poe and Jessika were in custody and under interrogation. And... *no*. FN-2187, guilty of treason and scheduled for execution.

Rey struggled to fight back tears. She focused on her breathing to control the panic rising in her chest. Kylo simply watched her, as indifferent as ever.

“Interrogations? Have you done them yourself?” Rey asked after clearing her throat.

“Not yet,” Kylo answered, “But I will if needed.”

Cautiously, Rey continued. “Alright. And the execution? What can be done to stop it?”

“Stop it? Nothing! He is a traitor and deserves to die.” He stood up and began pacing. “Honestly, Rey. You know better.”

Rey didn’t know what to do. She wasn’t stupid—she knew this was a possibility but she never thought of what could be done or how she could help. *Leia*.

“Has General Organa attempted to negotiate their release?” That stopped his pacing.

“Yes, along with an appeal to negotiate a peace accord. Not interested. What of it?”

“You could end this… all of it. Release them as a show of good faith.”

Kylo stepped over to her and brushed her cheek with the back of his hand. “It’s done, Rey. Forget about them. Do you think they worried about you at all?”

“No. I’ll never forget.” Rey pushed his hand off. “There has to be someth….” Her eyes lit up with determination.

“What about me? What can *I* do to fix this?” She regretted the words immediately but it was too late. The smirk that played across Kylo’s face told her she had walked right straight into the fire.

“You? What would you do to secure their safety?”

“Anything,” Rey whispered turning away.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t hear you,” he mocked.

“Anything,” she repeated loudly, “On one condition. Give the peace accord a try.”

Rey stood up to face him and waited for his answer.

“War does get expensive,” Kylo sat down on the edge of the bed. “But I want everything, Rey. Your submission. I want you as my wife. And I want you to truly understand that you are mine.”

Rey closed her eyes for a moment. She knew it would come to this eventually but it still hurt. “Yes.”

Kylo smiled, “Finally, I was tired of talking. I need a… show of good faith.”

He crooked his finger and motioned for her to kneel at his feet. Without hesitation, Rey walked over and kneeled. Kylo opened his legs and pulled her in for a kiss.

“Will you use your mouth….” Kylo took her hands and placed them on the half-erect bulge between his legs. He guided her hands up and they pulled his pants down enough to expose himself to her.

Unsure of what to do, Rey copied how she’d seen Kylo stroke himself. She wrapped her hand around him and slowly moved up and down his length. She watched him grow even bigger and harder with her motions.

Encouraged by his moans, Rey gave him a little squeeze. He moaned out her name and clutched at the bedsheets. Curious, Rey ran a fingertip over the head of his cock where precome was dripping out. His intense reaction surprised her.

“Rey, fuck! You’re killing me. Please….”

Her head snapped up to look at him. Kylo’s head was thrown back, skin flushed, knuckles white from fisting the sheets so hard. The sight made Rey feel strong, bold and even aroused. Kylo Ren had taken the Force from her but maybe this was a way to bring the most powerful man in the galaxy to heel.

Rey leaned forward and licked the remaining precome off. Kylo's hips bucked and he laid back on his elbows. She licked from base to tip then wrapped her lips around the head and sucked gently. The act left him speechless.

Their eyes met. Rey held his gaze as she took more of him in her mouth. She pumped a hand along the length that was too deep for her to take. Kylo's eyes rolled back with a groan. Rey smiled—he was so close. He warned her to stop when his balls tightened but she didn't. This was Rey's turn to take whatever she wanted.

Her hand and mouth worked faster until he came hard. Kylo's hips bucked as Rey kept swallowing. He stopped her when he became too sensitive. She pulled her mouth from him with a pop and laid down next to him. Kylo was too drunk from his orgasm to notice Rey's satisfied little smile.

It was a small victory but an important one for Rey. For the first time in the weeks since her capture and collaring, she felt in control and not swirling aimlessly in the chaotic storm of Kylo Ren. She needed to keep it that way until the safety of her friends could be secured. And maybe even an end to the war.

Becoming the Supreme Leader's consort was a price she was willing to pay. It just had to be.

6. Deal and Deceit

Since their agreement, Rey had remained calm and controlled despite the whirlwind of activity and stress around her. She watched with detachment as Kylo worked especially hard, leaving early and returning late. There was no time for good or bad Kylo just the Supreme Leader—or so she thought.

Kylo was eager to test out his newly complacent Rey. She did say she would do anything to grant the release of her friends. In turn, Rey enjoyed her power over him. So a game of one-upmanship began between them.

He'd jump her in the shower and take her quickly from behind. She'd catch him working on his datapad and distract him by touching herself. Dessert could mean Rey sprawled out on the table with his mouth between her legs. Rey would return the favor by waking him up with her mouth. But it was the slow, sweet times that made Rey nervous. She couldn't become distracted or get confused about her situation. A gentle Kylo making love to her really didn't help.

Rey still needed him to honor their agreement. Ren had assured her more than once that all the arrangements were being made. Rey would feel much better seeing it for herself. The thought of marriage filled her with anxiety but she would show Kylo she could fulfill her end of the deal.

Barely a week later, Rey was preparing to wed Kylo Ren. They had agreed upon a quick and private exchange of vows. She wanted to get it over with. He only wanted Rey.

Rey was irritated from the poking and preening by the attendants assigned to prepare her for the marriage ceremony. They said it was their job to take her from scavenger girl to Lady Ren, consort to the Supreme Leader. *Wonderful*.

She looked over to the black dress that she would be putting on soon. The bodice had sleeves that fell off her shoulders while the sheer bottom had more more beading and lace than she'd ever seen. It was ridiculous.

The whole thing was ridiculous but Rey made a deal to save her friends. No way she was backing out now.

Rey's attendants finally declared her ready. Hair swept up, makeup and dress on, she was escorted to the same observation deck Kylo had shown her before taking her for the first time. *Of course it would be here*.

Kylo Ren wished he had his mask on. He didn't like feeling nervous and he worried that it showed on his face. He looked over to General Hux who was his typical cool collected self. The General would be serving as their officiant with Captain Phasma as a witness. *It doesn't matter*, he thought to himself when he saw his lovely girl headed towards him. In a few more moments, Rey would belong to him.

The ceremony was blissfully brief—not even five minutes. It was an awkward event and not exactly a happy occasion. Hux and Phasma practically ran out of the room when the vows were finished, leaving the Supreme Leader and his consort alone. Rey moved first, taking Kylo's hand and leading him back to their quarters.

Once there, the silence returned. There was the quiet, ongoing battle over who would have the upper hand. Rey was going to win this round.

Rey guided her husband to their bedroom. She told him to take off his clothes and lay down. Kylo happily obeyed. He kept his eyes on her as Rey slowly stripped down to her naked skin.

Starting at his feet, Rey crawled her way up his body, nipping at his skin as she went. His cock twitched when Rey laved it with her tongue as she passed. Her breasts followed the same path; the drag of Kylo's skin felt exquisite against her nipples. Rey smiled when a hard nip on his chest made him gasp.

She moved up until her lips found his. Rey couldn't deny that Kylo had perfect lips that begged to be kissed and sucked. And she did just that while grinding her clit along his very hard cock, her slick easing the friction.

Kylo wrapped his arms around Rey and held her closer. Impatiently, Rey impaled herself on Kylo as deep as she could go. He moved his hands to her hips and encouraged her to ride him. Bracing her hands on his strong chest, Rey sat up and moved into an angle and rhythm that left them breathless.

He pumped his hips up to meet her downward thrusts. The stubbornness in Rey wanted to block him out but couldn't. Not when he was praising her, calling her beautiful, and saying how much he loved her. And not when his voice helped her muscles clench tight in a strong climax, chased almost immediately by his own release.

She didn't fight it when he cradled her against his chest. Rey welcomed the heat against her dewy skin. His fingers massaged her neck and scalp. She listened to his heartbeat. Kylo was still inside of her when they fell asleep.

The Resistance

Leia enjoyed this quiet time. Alone in the control room, staring at nothing in particular. Tonight, her mind was wide awake and troubled.

They had agreed to an armistice proposed by the First Order—a positive step towards negotiating peace. *But why?* She was no fool. The First Order would not want peace out of a genuine desire to end the war. Something had precipitated this decision and she knew it had to do with Rey. *If her son was willing to make peace for her, then what the hell had Rey given up in exchange? What have you done now, Ben?*

The First Order

Kylo Ren was wide awake and, for once, content with his life. He was lying in bed watching Rey gaze out at the stars. *His wife Rey.* He watched her delicate brow wrinkle in deep thought. She was so worried about her friends when really she had no reason to be.

They were never taken prisoner. In fact, they were safer than ever now that the fighting had temporarily ceased. Hux had turned bright red at that decision but it wasn't his to make. Kylo had promised Rey an effort at peace and it had been worth it. She was his.

He had no real intention of granting peace but that was just one more thing his sweet girl didn't need to trouble herself with. What Kylo wanted was retribution for how the Skywalker and the Resistance had treated his wife. *How could anyone reject such a gorgeous creature?*

She was dozing off now, still looking out of the viewport and fiddling with her collar. He needed her close again.

"Rey," he called out softly with his hand outstretched. She turned to him with a small smile and snuggled up to him in bed.

Both sides settled on the former Resistance base on D'Qar as their rendezvous point. There, the two generals and a handful of staff would meet face to face. Neither one was very optimistic about agreeing on a peace treaty but at least the fighting had ceased for now.

The Supreme Leader and his new wife would remain aboard the Finalizer awaiting General Hux's return.

Rey had not said anything but Kylo could sense her unease. *Surely she had no desire to return to the Resistance?*

His lies about her friends had served their purpose. Kylo wondered if it would be wise to tell her the truth. Perhaps following this latest meeting between Hux and Organa.

To his surprise, the negotiations were actually making some progress. If he could get what he wanted from them along with exacting revenge, Kylo would call it a victory.

A chime brought him out of his reverie. It was a holo from Hux. The meeting had finished unusually late. Kylo and Rey were already in bed. Kylo jumped up to answer the call before Rey awoke.

"Supreme Leader, there has been an... unexpected development," Hux began through the holo projector.

Kylo nodded for the man to continue.

"General Organa wishes to speak to Lady Ren. In person. And the Resistance is now aware of your recent marriage."

Hux cleared his throat in the awkward silence that followed.

"It couldn't be helped, Sir."

Kylo rubbed his face with his hands. He should have stayed in bed.

7. Revelations

“First the Resistance, then the galaxy. Together.”

Kylo’s words echoed in Rey’s head as she drifted off in his arms. But there was a warning underneath it all—something just wasn’t right.

Hours later when Rey awoke, still snuggled up to Kylo, so did her sense of clarity. She didn’t want to rule anything with Ren. But in a way she already did, didn’t she? As his wife.

The anxiety over her friends’ welfare was making her paranoid and more vulnerable. She needed to get answers. Rey needed to meet with Leia. But how? Rey was no coward—she needed to talk to Kylo.

She looked over at the sleeping man beside her. He seemed so harmless like this, so peaceful. Rey knew that he could tell she was awake and was more than likely pretending to doze for her benefit. She lightly drew the back of her hand down his bare chest. Immediately, he turned his head and opened his eyes to look at her.

He sat up and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. Rey shivered when he caressed her cheek. A lazy hand rubbed her back.

“Why do you look so serious?” he teased.

Without hesitation, Rey made her request. “I want to meet with Leia.”

His hand stopped moving and he started to get up. “No.”

Rey grabbed his arm and tried to pull him back to her with little success. “Just listen. Please. I need to talk—”

“You don’t need anything from her, from any of them!” Kylo yanked his arm away and stomped into the ‘fresher. Rey quickly followed behind him.

“Will you just listen to me? I need answers from her. I deserve that.”

Kylo was working to control himself—his hands were bunched into tight fists. His whole body was tense and ready to strike. Always the warrior.

Rey gingerly placed her hands on his back then pressed her naked body against his. She ignored the slight flinch when she wrapped her arms around his waist to hold him. They stood still until Kylo calmed down and his breathing synced with hers.

“I don’t approve. At all,” he spoke over his shoulder to her.

Rey smiled and gave him a gentle hug. “I know. Please Kylo.” I need this.

“Only on one condition,” he said, breaking the tension. “I will escort you. I don’t trust them alone with you.”

Rey couldn’t argue with that. Despite what had occurred with Han Solo, she knew—just knew—that Kylo would not hurt his mother.

“Agreed.”

Kylo allowed himself to be turned around to face his wife. Rey stood on her toes to kiss him. He lifted her up, Rey wrapping her legs around his waist. They were still kissing when Kylo carried her into the shower with him.

Rey’s meeting with General Organa came about quicker than she had anticipated, only hours after her talk with Kylo. The meeting at their rendezvous point on D’Qar would be private and brief. The Resistance assumed General Hux would be the one to accompany Rey; the First Order assumed Leia Organa would be the only one in attendance.

Kylo and Rey were escorted in silence to the room designated for the meeting. Both of them were on edge, everyone really, and Kylo seemed even more so the closer they got. Having the Supreme Leader himself show up without notice would naturally create a tense situation. Rey hoped that they could get through this peacefully.

He glanced at her just as the door opened for them. Rey felt the tears well up when her eyes met Leia’s. She hadn’t realized just how much she missed this extraordinary woman. Rey felt Kylo tense up beside her without saying a word.

Rey took notice of the others in the room. She was shocked to see Poe, Jessika, and Finn standing there along with Snap Wexley and a few others standing against the back wall. Her friends all appeared to be in perfect health—especially since Rey believed they were still prisoners. She turned accusingly to Kylo. “What the hell have you done?”

They didn’t have time for this. Kylo could not appear weak in the presence of his enemies and arguing with his wife would give that impression. But... this would be the perfect opportunity for Rey to leave him and go back to those terrorists and her. He had to be very careful here.

Kylo placed his hand to the small of Rey’s back to draw her closer. He felt her muscles stiffen under his touch as he leaned in and whispered, “I will explain everything later. I promise you, Rey.”

“Explain what, Kylo? How you lied to me to get your way?” Rey hissed in reply. “Why should I believe anything you say now?”

All eyes were on this private exchange. Kylo was not one to be intimidated by the hateful looks thrown in his direction by the others... except for Leia. The Resistance general kept her expression neutral and guarded. “I agreed to negotiate for you, didn’t I? And here you are to meet with Mo—General Organa. The rest will have to wait. Please, Rey”

Rey did not miss how Kylo slipped and started to call Leia mother. She couldn’t deny how much that had pleased her. Besides, causing a scene really wouldn’t solve the problem. She nodded her head and turned back to their audience.

“A private meeting with General Organa was the agreement,” Kylo said angrily.

Poe stepped up to answer. “It was but we argued that we weren’t comfortable leaving the General on her own. We made the right call since General Hux should be here with Rey.”

Rey and Leia exchanged a quick glance. Leia turned, looking straight at her son.

“I’ll be fine, Poe. Leave us,” Leia directed, still looking at Kylo.

Poe shook his head and glanced back at the others. “I’m sorry, General.”

Rey didn’t need the Force to feel the tension in the air change. Instinctively, she stepped in front of Kylo shaking her head no. Her eyes locked on Finn’s in a silent plea. They all raised their weapons and fired anyway. They thought that Kylo wouldn’t be able to stop all the fire at once. They underestimated his need to protect Rey.

He froze the blanket fire and silently told Leia to get Rey to safety. She hurried over and pulled her away from Kylo. The older woman appeared in shock. The room erupted into chaos as Kylo released the blasts. Leia yelled at her troops to stand down and secure their weapons. Kylo ran over to Rey and checked her for injuries. Assured that Rey was unharmed, he turned to the general for answers.

“Did you know about this?” he asked Leia, speaking to his mother for the first time in over seven years. Leia had ordered the room cleared out but Poe Dameron and Finn lingered.

“Of course not! Do you really think I would want this?” Leia insisted.

Rey laid her hands on Kylo’s chest; he was breathing heavy and ready to kill. “She did not know about this. Look at her, Kylo. She didn’t know.”

Kylo could tell she wasn’t lying, which was secretly a relief, but he still needed to find the ones responsible. A threat against his Rey could not go unpunished. Dark, angry eyes flicked over to the general and barely softened. “That may be but what of the others?”

“I know you want your revenge, but will you at least let her speak with them?” Rey implored. “Find out why this happened and who was truly behind it all.”

Standing nearby, Leia overheard Rey and became upset. She hurried over to where Poe was standing with the former stormtrooper on his side.

“Who ordered this, Poe? Was it Luke?” she demanded.

Poe closed his eyes for a moment in defeat and shame. “We were all so worried you would be killed... just like Han,” he admitted. “Skywalker convinced us to eliminate the threat if given the chance even if Rey had to die too.”

The general’s outrage changed into despair. “That ‘threat’ is my only child. Rey is like a daughter to me. Do you really think I could watch them die? Ben and I have a lot to work out; his father’s death is just the beginning of that, but our chance at peace is gone now.”

Leia dismissed her officers with orders to prepare for their immediate return to the base. The room became quiet and only the three of them remained as originally intended. Rey approached Leia and wrapped her in a tight embrace. Kylo held himself back. In this private setting, Rey could see a bit of Ben Solo peeking through—the awkward, shy boy silent in the presence of his mother.

As Leia pulled away from another hug, she noticed the metal ring around Rey’s neck and raised an eyebrow in Kylo’s direction.

“It was necessary,” Kylo responded, never breaking eye contact. “At least, at the time it was.”

Rey interjected quickly before an argument could begin. She convinced the two leaders that they could resume their discussions after tempers had cooled down. Well that was a nightmare, Rey thought to herself as she and Kylo left D’Qar’s orbit en route back to the Finalizer.

She had so much on her mind. She felt foolish for being led so far astray; how easily she had fallen for Kylo’s lies. Did she want to believe in him that badly? Why? Luke’s betrayal was no surprise but it stung that people she called friends would treat her that way. Leia’s despair was what hurt the most; Rey wanted to help get everything back on track.

Exhausted from stress, Rey went straight to bed when she entered her quarters. Kylo was sitting there shirtless and waiting for her. Rey crawled under the covers and pressed close to him. She took hold of his hand to get his attention.

“How are you?” she asked quietly.

“Angry,” he admitted, “Confused. I don’t know.” Rey believed that facing Leia had affected him much more than he expected.

“Luke did this but he can be dealt with later. What can be done to salvage the talks?”

Kylo laughed bitterly. “Nothing. Rey they tried to kill me—us—I should have ordered their deaths by now.”

“Please don’t do that to Leia. We can find a way to fix this. Give it another chance; talk to her Kylo.”

“I just... can’t. I really don’t deserve to be in her presence.” He looked at Rey sadly.

She squeezed his hand in reassurance. “You will always be her son, Kylo. When you’re ready to meet with her, I’ll be with you the whole time.”

The petulant shrug he gave reminded her of a child. Rey shook her head and laughed. She climbed on his lap facing him. “So stubborn,” she teased.

He answered Rey by pulling her in close for a deep kiss. Grabbing her by the ass, Kylo rubbed her up against him. He wanted her to feel how hard she made him. She kept rubbing on him while he moved his hands under her tunic and massaged her breasts.

Rey threw her head back and tangled her hands in his hair. She wanted him to mark her so he did; Kylo gently bit at the pulse point on her neck. Rey yanked off her top and cried out when he took a nipple into his mouth and sucked just to the point of pain.

Reaching a hand into his pants, Rey pulled him out and firmly stroked him from base to tip. She loved it when he cried out her name. He returned the favor with his fingers drawing lazy circles around her clit.

Rey was done being patient... she wanted him inside of her. She pulled off her pants and threw them to the side. Her cheeks flushed in embarrassment when she realized she couldn’t quite get him lined up just right.

Kylo did not break eye contact with her as took himself in hand and drove up into her. He held onto her hips and encouraged her to move up and down, faster and harder. It wasn't enough.

Pulling out, Kylo moved Rey to her hands and knees and slid into her from behind. Gripping her hips again, he pounded into her as hard as she could take it. Sweat was dripping on their skin and words were incoherent between moans and gasps. They needed this.

Rey's orgasm hit her hard enough to drive her into the sheets screaming. Kylo followed right after with his fingers nearly bruising her hips. He rolled off to Rey's side and brushed sweat-drenched strands of hair off of her face. They stared at one another for a while.

Kylo sighed, "You win. I will talk to her."

Over a day later, Kylo and Rey were at Leia's door. For this meeting, the Resistance general had been invited to Finalizer. At least for the time being, there was no neutral territory anymore. The stormtroopers guarding her quarters remained stoic as usual, stepping aside for their leader and his consort.

It was obvious that Leia had been crying—her eyes were puffy and red rimmed. Rey put her arms around the shorter woman for yet another hug. Kylo took a seat in the living area and waited.

For the first time in years, he wondered what kind of toll his life as Kylo Ren had taken on his mother. He did not remember her having such deep lines around her eyes and mouth or the threads of silvery-gray running through her hair. I did that. My fault, my fault...

"Kylo!" Rey shouted. He didn't realize they had been speaking to him.

"The general was asking if you were alright?" Rey continued. She and Leia now sat opposite from Kylo.

He cleared his throat and answered "Fine."

Leia observed her grown son for a moment before speaking again. Rey remained quiet, not wanting to interrupt unless needed.

"There is something I need to say. I will not talk about Han. This isn't the time or place. Right now, I need to know my troops were not followed and executed. Anyone that fired a blaster the other day has been sent back to base for disciplinary action."

"They were not followed." he said.

"Good. Now about this war. I've been fighting for over thirty years and I'm tired. My way isn't working and neither is yours so let's find a way that does."

Kylo and Rey listened patiently as Leia explained how she had lost faith in her brother and the Resistance. Leia knew that the good guys would use dirty tactics if needed, but seeing her only child and Rey nearly murdered in front of her had changed her perception.

If she continued her mission to make peace with the First Order, would her people come after her next? Would Luke if he felt it was for the good of the galaxy? Adrift and unsure of

whom to trust, Leia at least knew without a doubt that she could trust Rey. And now that Ben had Rey by his side, she could believe in her son again. An offer to work together was made... and accepted.

8. Epilogue

A year later

The fighting did not stop— at least not right away. It took months of delicate communications to repair the damage caused by the assassination attempt on D’Qar.

General Organa had stepped away from command and assumed a more diplomatic role on behalf of the Resistance. Naturally, this resulted in close contact with Rey and Kylo. Leia knew that the Ben Solo she and Han had raised would never completely return to her— he had experienced too much darkness in his life with Snoke. Still, she held out hope that he would be able to forgive himself and perhaps be someone new: not quite Ben and not all Kylo either but a better man nonetheless.

Rey had adopted a similar task as an emissary for the First Order. Countless meetings and several heated discussions later, the two sides had finally hammered out an agreement to end the war. A formal ceremony was being held on D’Qar—Leia and Rey felt this would be a symbolic way to move forward. Key members of high command on both sides would be in attendance with the exception of the Supreme Leader. Kylo believed this was Rey’s moment to shine because she had insisted on the negotiations all those months ago.

Rey’s relationships with her friends never really healed. Kylo may have lied about their imprisonment, but they had made the choice to fire their blasters. She would never be able to forget that. And Luke Skywalker was no longer a threat; he’d gone back into exile after Leia confronted his betrayal.

Rey was even closer to Leia and had helped her and Kylo forge a civil relationship; it was progress enough for now. The shooting on D’Qar had dulled just a bit of her spark, but Leia remained as sharp and witty as ever. Rey adored her and thought of the woman as unstoppable.

Something inside of Rey had clicked and she grew accustomed to, and even accepted, her role as Lady Ren. She wanted to be busy and useful and she could think of no better way than to help forge an alliance that would save countless lives and put an end to the war and secure the future of the galaxy.

Kylo was happy to step back and show her off as the benevolent face of the First Order. It helped that Kylo seemed different since D’Qar— more sincere and calmer. Kylo wanted whatever Rey wanted. He owed her after all... owed her everything. Seeing her risk her own life to save his had changed him. Could he have saved himself? Absolutely, but that wasn’t the point.

He didn’t deserve her Light or her forgiveness, but she gave it willingly. The lies and manipulation tapered off— there was no need for it anymore. His anxiety was the only thing keeping Rey’s collar on. He still worried that she would leave as soon as it came off. The

thought of losing her chilled him to the bone; he wasn't sure what it would take to let go of his fear.

Stormtroopers and officers jumped out of the way as Rey sprinted down the halls. Her loose hair whipped around her face and her long coat fluttered open with every step. It really happened—they had brought an end to the war. Rey felt so old all of a sudden. *How long has she been here? When did she stop counting the days?*

As she ran past the observation deck near their quarters, Rey stopped when she heard Kylo call her name. He was waiting for her in their special place. He looked so peaceful silhouetted against the view of infinite space. She ran into his arms and tears she didn't know she was holding back began to spill down her cheeks. She had been feeling more emotional lately with the negotiations so close to success. Kylo placed her back on the floor and wiped her cheeks with his fingertips.

"You did it," he praised her.

"No," Rey corrected, "We did it. I had plenty of help."

Kylo took his wife's hand and led her to their quarters. "True, but you got it all started. This is as much your own personal victory as it is for the galaxy." Rey gave his hand a little squeeze as acknowledgement.

Upon their arrival, Rey went to open a bottle of sashin-leaf mead, her favorite. They had saved it for just the occasion, but before Rey could uncork the bottle, Kylo stopped her. Rey looked up at him in confusion; his little smile made her suspicious.

"You probably shouldn't be drinking any strong spirits right now."

Rey pouted in mock offense and asked why. Kylo drew her into a tight hug and told her that the treaty wasn't the only thing they had to celebrate. He laughed as the curiosity on her face changed into shock. Her hands settled on her lower abdomen. *Well that explains a lot.*

"I didn't think it would happen this quickly. Is it too soon?" Rey asked in worry.

Kylo motioned her over to the couch where he sat down with her in his lap. "Perhaps we should ask Leia if it's too soon?" Rey rolled her eyes and laughed. That explained all the strange little looks and smiles Leia had been giving her the past week; of course she would know.

Finally overwhelmed, Rey didn't know whether to laugh, cry, or pass out from exhaustion. She ended up crying and laughing with her face buried in her husband's shoulder. Kylo picked her up and carried her to bed. In between her hiccups and sobs, he helped her undress and get comfortable and laid down next to her. She snuggled into him and fell asleep.

Rey woke up to a heavy weight resting on her belly. The weight turned out to be Kylo's head, eyes pointed up at her and their bare skin warm against one another. She caressed his naked back and ran her hands up to his hair, lightly scratching at the base of his scalp.

Rey couldn't remember the last time she had felt so peaceful and content, possibly never. Staring back at him, she noticed that Kylo even looked a bit different now. His eyes were not

as sad or troubled as they used to be and he was more relaxed—at least around her. Rey wondered what color eyes the baby would have.

Their life together was actually good and would be so much better soon. She had never said it before but the words came effortlessly and without doubt. “I love you,” she whispered to Kylo.

He was silent for such a long time that Rey was beginning to wonder if he heard her. Kylo sat up and pressed a hand to the collar at her neck. Rey linked her hands with his as the collar fell off.

She knew the feeling would be intense but this was indescribable. This was like breathing after being trapped underwater, or coming inside from the freezing cold or blistering heat. Rey was reconnected with the Force and she felt *alive* again. Kylo opened up the Force bond and Rey gasped at the sudden feedback of love and affection, admiration.

It was too much; Rey wasn’t sure what to focus on and began to panic. Kylo held onto her and showed her how to quiet down and focus on her own heartbeat. Eventually, her breathing slowed and Rey laid down quietly, focused on her own feelings... except she wasn’t alone. She had a second heartbeat, a second life inside of her. *Their baby!* She gave in and cried herself hoarse in Kylo’s arms. Kylo was content to lay there and revel in their reopened bond and the steady little soul that was their child.

Now that Rey had settled down a bit, she was more attuned to the Force around her but she chose to remain close to her baby. The Force signature was strong despite the tiny being that contained it. Rey was positive it was going to be a girl.

She was dozing off in that pleasant stage where the body feels like it’s almost floating. It became even more pleasant when she felt Kylo shifting himself under the covers to get comfortable between her legs. Pleasant wasn’t a strong enough word for how it felt when the flat of his tongue hit her sensitive skin. Kylo lapped at her slick folds, and teased around her clit. He reached a hand up to roll and pluck at her nipples.

Rey lifted her head to watch him; her hips lifted on their own when their eyes met. But she needed *more* and told him so when she grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled him closer. Kylo gave her what she wanted, sucking on her clit and sliding two fingers deep inside of her. That did it. Rey fell over the edge hard and kept falling. Her pleasure and Kylo’s desire were bleeding into each other through their bond, the Force sparking and swirling between them.

She wasn’t done yet and told Kylo to lay on his back. Rey took a firm hold of his erection and stroked from the base to the flushed tip, swirled her hand and pushed it down again. He was already dripping for her. Her other hand massaged his balls and she stroked him faster. Rey couldn’t resist and leaned over to lick the drops of precome off the head of his cock. His hips bucked and Kylo cried out her name as he let himself go, drowning in their shared emotions. The intensity of the Force made Rey experience her own little aftershock.

Later, Rey laughed to herself when a vision popped into her head of their baby wondering what all the fuss was about. Catching this through the bond, Kylo laughed in turn.

“Everything’s alright, little princess,” Kylo murmured to Rey’s still flat tummy. “I just love your mother very, very much. And you.”

Rey took his hand and squeezed it in affection. She pressed a gentle kiss on his lips and rested her forehead against his. "She knows."

Kylo smiled. For the first time in his life, he was truly happy and felt whole with Rey by his side. And he knew that Rey finally had the family and belonging she'd been missing. They were home.